

SPINNING THE RIBBON ... (1985)

o.k. now, he said, Falcon, I want you to pack off, you've been eating at me long enough, much too long, I know you used to know William Faulkner and not everybody can say that, and I know you have to use a bed pan and that you're wired for sound — but Falcon, I've got my problems too: the other day I was on the freeway and my left front wheel came off — shit like this happens to all of us and I like to lend support but more and more the vertigo of the action hampers my reasonability

I
put my shorts on backwards the other morning and
the other evening
the Queen of the Seawolves knocked on my door asking for a part of my soul, and Falcon, you know
a man can only give so much and then it's gone, Falcon,

I've
reached and reached and they always want more,
hell,
all I want to do is lay back

listen to the band
music and

eat orange

slices —
you know, Falcon, this is a terrible poem

a
very terrible poem (stupid
yes)

I am playing with words like a man trying to tune a bad piano

but the strange thing is that even when I write
badly

it's better than most —

Jesus Christ,

the light bulb just went out

Falcon, go away

find Faulkner

find Falstaff

I

have been dented and dented so much that I just smile
through the fire, Falcon,

Falcon

Falcon

the sound of this machine is all that I have even when
it doesn't say anything

the towel hangs in the bathroom
and better that,

Falcon, than

me.